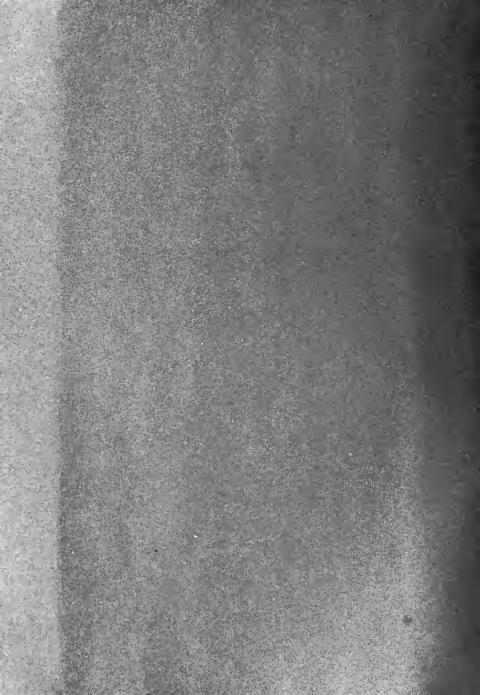
THE IRIS

WARD'S

1906







Fay Thelles



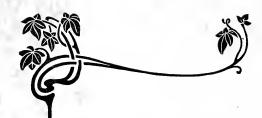


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Dedication

Chis memorial of happy school life we affectionately dedicate to

Anna Hawes Blanton

who worthily holds the highest place in the love and esteem of the Class of 1906 * * * * *



MRS, ANNA HAWES BLANTON



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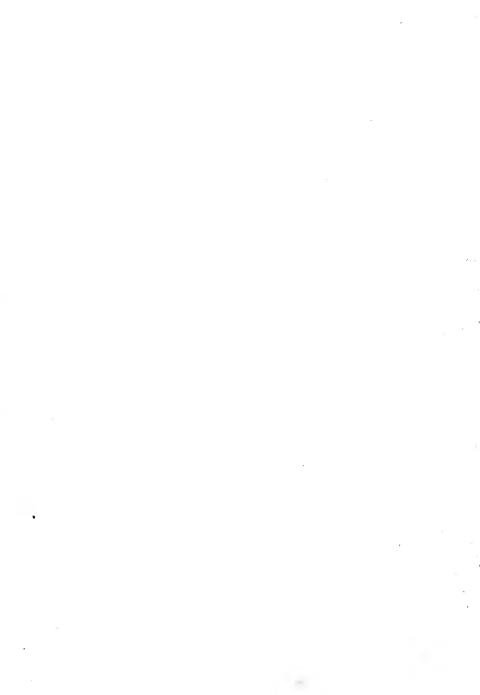
Officers of Instruction and Government

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*	÷ .						
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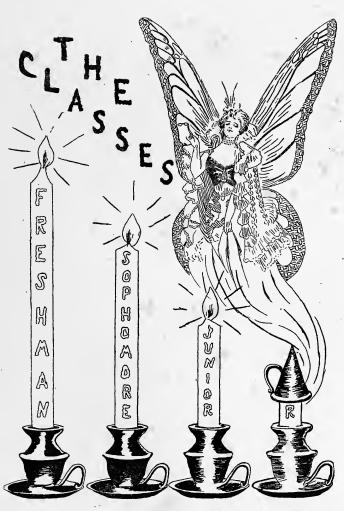
COLLINS DENNY Lectures on Literature Lectures on Literature







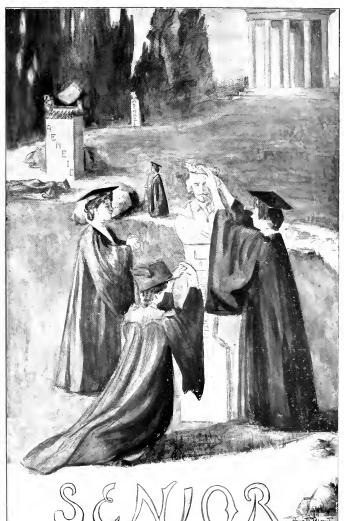




Batherine Street.







SEMIO

Senior Toast

ERE'S to the loveliest roses of all
That bloom in a garden of flowers;
Here's to the dearest girls on earth,
Nurtured in sweetest bowers,
Here's to the buds of heauty so fair,
Truer than skies above;
Here's to the girls beyond compare—
Here's to the Seniors we love.



Motto "Noblesse Oblige"

Flower Golden Rod Colors Gold and Green

Officers

Amelia McLester				Presid	lent	
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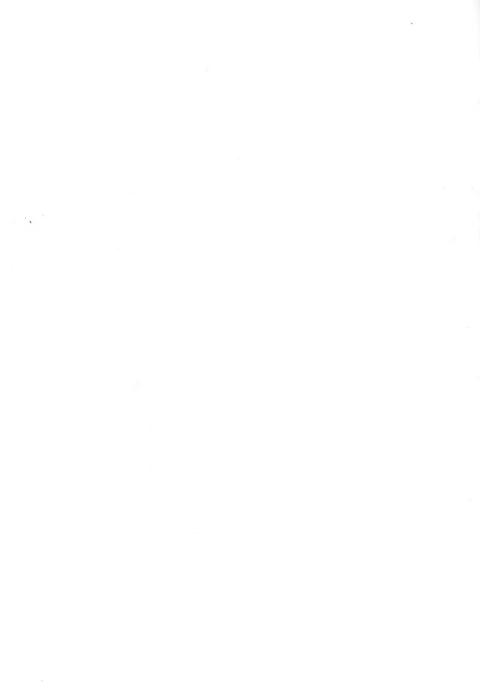




















Senior "Slides"

Prologue

HOU, Cleopatra, Queen of the Muses,
Look down upon me, thine humble servant,
And lend to me thine aid in writing this
Sad theme of the woes which do much beset

The distinguished Class in Art History.

First, into that cold room the class needs go,

Where boisterous winds blow off from day to day,

And blizzards, as it seems, are wont to haunt

The room in which Miss Chapman doth preside,

There high upon her throne she stately sits,

And in her hand she holds a deadly book; For in the same she oft must write a "P."

When quiet in that room doth reign supreme,
She takes her glasses from her nose and says:
"Before this lesson we do now begin,

I must announce that on to-morrow night,
In the chapel, a show of Slides I'll give.
You all must come, for none can be excused.''

Around the room moanings and sighs are heard;
For to attend Miss Chapman's Slides was not

A task which any of the girls enjoyed.

So with the deepest sense of dread despair

The solemn Seniors did this class room leave.

As out they passed, one chanced to hear them say:
"Will I the Slides attend? Yes, I will go;
But when the darkness doth enshroud that room,
I'll get me up and slide me through the door,"

* *

Time, 7:30 the night following. Chapel about one-fifth full of Seniors, dotted here and there with a few Juniors and Sophomores. Across the right half of the rostrum is stretched a canvas. In the rear of the chapel stands Dr. Blanton by the "Slide" instrument, which he is to manipulate. Earter Miss Chapman (moves majestically over to "Slide" machine. At a signal from Dr. Blanton, all lights are extinguished.

MISS CHAPMAN: "Before I begin, I wish to ask all of you to be as quiet as possible, for it is very difficult to talk in the dark. The pictures to-night are of various kinds—architecture, sculpture, and painting—but all, of course, pertaining to Art History. Now, for the benefit of those not in the Art History Class, I will say that if there is anything which you don't understand, I'll be glad to answer all questions. (A picture is thrown upon the canvas.)

"First, we have the 'Cologne Cathedral,' where—er—perfume is—er—made. (Pictures change.)

"And that is the-er-famous 'Victory of Samothrace,' which is-er-noted

for the beautiful poise of the head and—er— the well-arranged hair. (Pictures change.)

- "Now, these are—er—Michael Raphelo's famous paintings, the—er—'Cristine Madonna' and—er—the 'Madonna of the Goldfish.' (Pictures change.)
- "We are now looking at the 'Lincoln Cathedral'—er—which was named for our President Abe. (Pictures change.)
- "You are all very familiar with—er—the original of this er—statue of the 'Flying Mercury," for —er—you see it on the top of the—er—Union Station every time you go walking. (*Pictures change.*)
- "This is Chapman's 'Marriage at Caua.' No, I didn't say Ward's; I said—er—Cana. (Miss Chapman blushes so that she illuminates the whole room for a moment. In the meanwhile the pictures change, and she resumes the lecture.)
- "We have before us now the 'Arch of Triumph,' the one which was—er—built for Dewey upon his victorious return from—er—Santiago. (Pictures change.)
- "This is a photograph of Chaucer's 'Canterbury Pilgrims,' which was—er—a snapshot taken by Thuss. (*Pictures change*.)
- "Praxitele's famous painting, 'The Song of the Lark,' which —er—takes place down in the gymnasium—er—before breakfast (pictures change), also his grand painting—er—'The Concert,' which occurred at the Tabernacle. (Pictures change.)
- "We are now in front of—er—Tony's 'Art Gallery,' which is noted throughout the world for—er—its magnificent display of—er—bananas and salted peanuts. (Pictures change.)
- "This is Phidias' celebrated painting—er—'The Broken Pitcher.' He got his idea from a scene in Room 23, after the—er—occupants had had a disagreement. (Pictures change.)
- "That is Scopas' popular picture, 'Reading Homer.' There is a little incident worth relating in—er—connection with this. One day while journeying through—er—Ward Seminary, Scopas happened to notice a group of Juniors—er—who were weeping over the Iliad. Being—er—much moved by this, he—er—chiseled this famous painting and entitled it 'Reading Homer.' (Pictures change.)
- "Now, this is the famous art gallery known as the 'Louvre,' and—er—I will explain for the benefit of those who are not in the Art History Class that it is in—er—Dresden, China. (Pictures change.)
- "We are now looking at Fra Angelo's renowned painting of the—er—'Dead Sea,' which was—er—killed in 1900. (Pictures change.)
- "This is Titian's painting, known as the 'Venus de Milo,' which is noted for her beautiful arms. (*Pictures change*.)
- "This is the 'Statue of Hercules,' by Turner. It is celebrated for—er—the angelic expression and—er—spirituality. (*Pictures change*.)
- "The wonderful 'Niobe Group,' by Goodwin, which—er—shows inexpressible joy in the faces of—er—the figures represented. (*Pictures change*.)
- "We now see the famous 'Belle-tower of Jenuings,' built in the—er—prehistoric ages, and—er—similar to a fortress. (*Pictures change*.)
 - "Now we have before us the-er-noted 'Ward Cathedral.' It is a perfect

—er—labyrinth of halls, and—er—a fine example of—er—'Queen Anne' Blanton architecture, but it is almost in—er—ruins now.

"Well, that is all. Will some one-er-please turn on the light?

Instantly the whole room is flooded with light. Miss Chapman looks around, discovers the Sophomores and Juniors fast asleep, and all of the Seniors missing, except Misses McCarver, Coleman, Tinsley, and Corbett, who are faithful to the last. Miss McCarver is awakened by a pinch from Miss Tinsley, who herself was on the verge of dreamland, when the light brought ber back to consciousness. Miss Coleman raises her head slowly from the shoulder of Miss Corbett, who is nodding sleepily. Miss Chapman faints. Dr. Blanton turns the gasoline from the "Slide" machine into her face to revive her, and she is carried out by the four faithful Seniors, while the Juniors sleep on peacefully.



A Bargain Sale

RIENDS, Ward Ducks, remnants, lend me your ears! I come to mourn the Seniors, not to praise them. The lessons we neglect are long remembered, And those we learn too soon forgotten are; So was it with the Seniors. The fearsome Jennings Hath told you that they knew no History; If it were so, it were a grievous fault, And justly hath she vengeauce taken. For Jennings is an honorable maid; So are they all-all honorable maids. They were our friends, honored and loved by us. Yet would great Chapman flunk them all; Yea, many a one hath failed in Literature. They have gone skillfully unto the corner oft, Full many times when they should not have gone, And have they ever yet been caught? Doth not this prove that they are wily ones?



Yet some have said they lack perception.

Oft Blanton asked them stay another year.

They steadfastly refused. Was not this wise?

Yet Blanton says they have no taste for wisdom,

And Blanton is a much-discerning man.

You all revered them once, not without cause;

What fear withholds you now to sympathize?



O judgment, thou hast left our Faculty Our girls have lost their reason! Bear with me; My heart is in the background with the Seniors, And I must pause till it comes back to me. O schoolmates! If I were disposed to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Jennings wrong, and do Thach wrong, Who, as you know, are honorable maids, But here's a something, ear-marked of the Seniors-Well hoarded through the year; a legacy Unto the Juniors following after them, Which, though it could not save its makers, Compiled, collected, may uphold the Juniors, Warn them from the pitfalls which await them, And guide them in the straight and narrow path. And now, all hail the "ponies" of the Seniors! Now for sale the note-hooks of the Seniors, cheap!



Juliet: "Parting is such sweet sorrow."

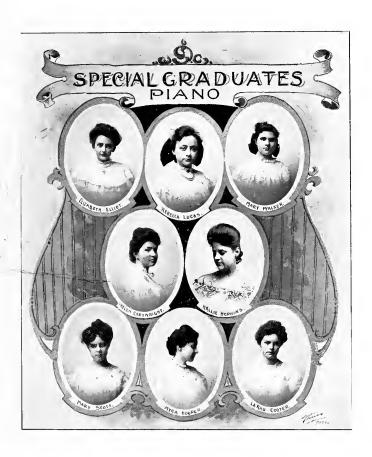


















Colors Red and Gold Flower

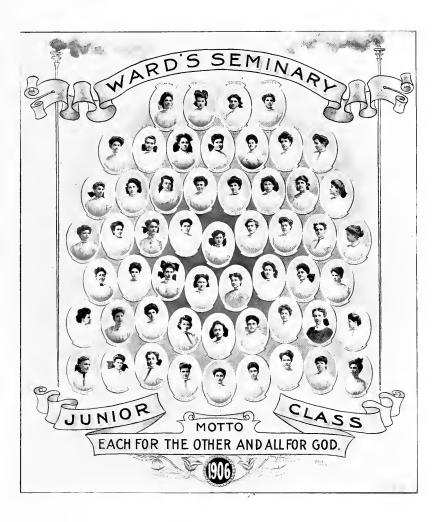
Motto , "Each for the other, and all for God"



Officers

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Know'st Thou the Place?

(With sincerest apologies to Goethe)

NOW'ST thou the place where the smoke thickly blows?

Where deep in the darkness the 'lectric light glows?

Where sounds of girls practicing dies never away,

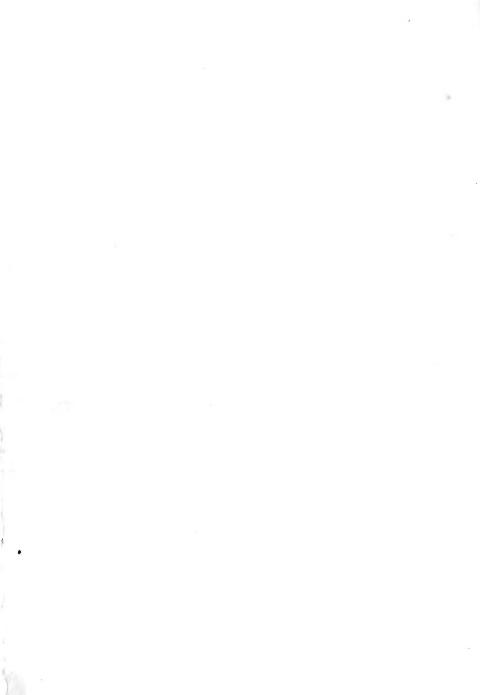
And the Latin and Algebra never decay?

Know'st thou it? From Ward, O from Ward come with me!

O Juniors, O Juniors, with you would I fice!

Know'st thou the chapel with ink-scarrèd desks,
Where brain-wearied girls are working their best?
Where statues of plaster, with features so mild,
Ask: "Why have they used you so harshly, my child?"
Know'st thou it? From Ward, O from Ward come with me!
O Juniors, O Juniors, with you would I fee!

Know'st thou the place? Will the time ever come
When the themes are all finished, distinctions all won?
When fear of the tests is a thing of the past,
And only the joys of our school days do last?
Know'st thou it? From Ward, O from Ward come with me!
O Juniors, O Juniors, with you would I flee!



Junior Pilgrims

(Apologies to Chaucer)

HAN comes dred scholetime with its duties sore,
And al the pleasures of sweet summer are o'er,
Then to that schole of verie grete renowne,
From everie citie and from everie towne,
There winds each year a ful large compaignye
Of Juniors most forlorn, it seems to me.
Ful fortie-five or more among these are
Of wisdome and grete excellence most rare;
And if you will be verie pacient,
To tell of them I'll be most diligente.

First comes the presidente, most dignified. Her grete wisdome is known on everie side. She is a verie parfit noble mayde, And of her worthinesse much is sayde. One more beloved and honored than is she Cannot be found o'er al this large countree. Ful well she loves both truthe and courtesye, And yet withal she always is merye.

With her there is a verie learned clerke, Who never does an irksome dutie shirk. In her array she always is quite neat, And in her speche sober and discreet. She is most wise, and a philosopher, And humble in her maners evere.

Than comes our ladie of societie,
And Frenshe she speaks ful fair and fetisly.
She is the most coquetish of our girlles.
Upon her head there is a bunch of curlles;
But I shall leave my reader to surmise
Whether they all are hers or otherwise,
Manye sweete maydes do bear her compaignye,
As coy and ful of lovlinesse as she.

We also have an artist, talented,
Whose drawing is moste wonderful, 'tis sayde.
So manye, manye prizes she doth winne,
That to tell of them I could scarce beginne.
But she is doubly talented, I've hearde,
And ilke morn her cheeks are verie red.
While one gains fame upon the tennis courte
In tournament of this old English sport.
Another with her songes doth us charme,
For music is a nevere-failing balm.

But now, since I have neither time nor space, I will no ferther in this tale pace.



A promising Junior from Lomar, After reading the "Iliad" of Homer, Was deaf, dumb, and blind, And had quite lost her mind, Which proves the effect of Homer,

A Message to Future Juniors

OPHOMORES! Freshmen! Primaries! and all young people of Ward Seminary! I do not wish to bore you, nor yet to amuse you, but to advise you. And O! take heed of my advice, for in future years, when you have ascended to that height, and can proudly say, "I am a Junior," it will be of vast and untold use to you. I do not advise you

for the sake of giving advice; I do it, not for my pleasure, but for your good; not for my glory, but for your safety—nay, for your very life. For if you mind not what I shall tell you, then blame no one for your fate. For in these cruel times, with such tyrannical despots at the head of this institution, who knows what may befall you? Therefore, as I said in the beginning, take heed of my advice.

Firstly, if you value your little lives, speak not between periods. Seal your lips as some men seal their pocketbooks. Look neither to the right nor to the left; and if you be questioned, let your answers be neither yea nor nay, but grim, deathly silence. If, having heard rumors of a test, your heart beat and pound like thunder and your hair attempt to raise itself from your head in helpless fear, still them both with awful sternness and that magic-working motto, "Perfect silence must be had between periods," for the class after school is open to every miscreant. Keep that ever at heart, and remember!

And in Grecian History be ever awake, attentive and on the watch; for if you know not what manuer of wrath is poured upon the head of her who fails to answer promptly to her name at roll call, you will not be in doubt for long. Be warned in time!

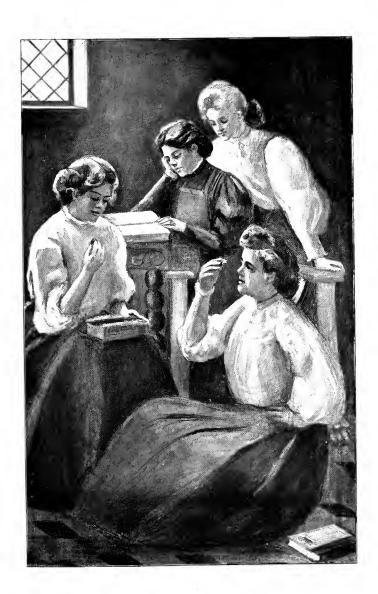
For some who perhaps will have had no previous acquaintance with the mighty ruler of the Literature class room, I say this: Of all the sins known to me, the most unpardonable is to linger on the way to the Literature class room! Let your watchword be "Hurry." Should you see the ghosts of Chaucer and Spencer walking arm in arm along the gallery, or should you see Richard III. running madly about, his bloody dagger in his hand, stop not one instant to investigate, but rush wildly toward the Literature class room, lest you ossify on the way. And when you arrive there, breathless after your mad dash, if you see the renowned queen take the key from the drawer and walk slowly and majestically toward the case where the tablets are kept, that meaus t-e-s-t, test; so gather your wits together and think, think as you have never thought before.

And now if you are one who is struggling to learn French, in the French class room, move not, talk not to your neighbor, smile not, whisper not, bat not your eyes, arrange not your golden tresses. Still, if you will do all those things, do them; but if you hope to reach home alive in June, do them in French! Learn your régles, your prose, your poésie, and your verbes; speak French, and speak it

loud. Fail not in any of these things, unless you wish to be suddenly initiated into the Red Cross Society.

It will not affect your marks, but see to it that you have read "Treasure Island" before entering the Junior Rhetoric class room. And neglect not to read the works of Henry James. Then, having read those two, overlook not the immortal works of Charles Dickens nor of Thackeray. And see to it that you are thoroughly familiar with Sir Walter Scott, George Eliot, and all that they have written. When you have waded dutifully through them all, cease not, but read them again during the summer months, when you would fain read those delightful novels of adventure which McCutcheon and Harold McGrath have given to the world. Just a little counsel on the side, but take it in. When theme day comes around, rack your brains, and think; and whatever be the effect of all this effort, neglect not to hand it in. For by that sin of omission fell many a promising Junior of past years.

Now, Sophomores! Freshmen! Primaries! and all young people of Ward Seminary! none of these things are counted as great crimes among men; yet take heed, and do as I say. I talk not to you from afar off; I have been through it all myself. I have found it all true by experience, and now from that same experience I warn you—for I know! Do as I advise you, and you will live long in this land and be happy.



Sophomore Class

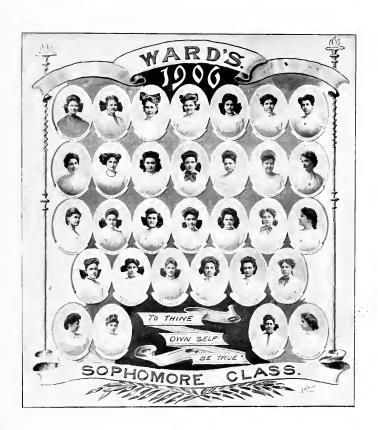
Motto

"To thine own self be true"

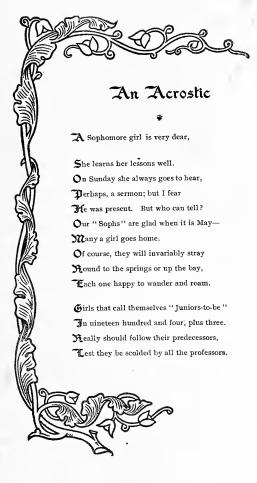
Color Dark Blue and Gold Flower
White Rose

Officers

MARY SPERRY	ĭ	٠	•				٠	,	•	President			
NELSON SAVAGE										Vice	P	reside	nt
MARY LINDA MANIER												. Se	cretary
MARIAN MCTYEIRE .													Treasurer







Sighs for the Sophomores

Alack and alas
For the Sophomore Class
Of nineteen hundred and six!
June brings commotion,
But little promotion,
For they're in a terrible fix.

Distinctions are rare, But they do not care, For now they cannot get "E." Just so they have fun When their lessons are done, What matters it if they get "P?"

In the Algebra lesson
They're always a-guessin'
What the unknown quantities are.
Instead of working,
You'll find them shirking,
And missing the answers by far.

Their themes are late, For they go to skate At the Nashville skating rink. Their marks will go down, And the teachers will frown; But of this they never think.

In English—how sad!—
'Tis just as bad,
And their topics make one sigh.
If they cannot do better
In writing a letter,
They'd better go off and die.

In Bible they're shocked
At the way they are marked,
And blush when their grades are
read;
For they cannot remember
The impossible number
Of places where David fled.

And so you see
The '' Juniors-to-be ''
Are in a most pitiful state.
There'll be many ''go-homers,''
But few diplomas,
In nineteen hundred and eight.



Motto "Be true to truth"

Colors Purple and Old Gold

Flower Fleur-de-lis

Officers

THEO. FOWLKES President Georgie Hume Vice President ALICE HIBBETT Secretary MAY HITCHCOCK . . Treasurer

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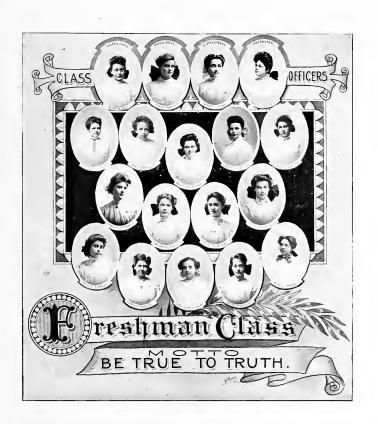
WILHELMENE STONESTREET

BETHA TURNER

CORNELIA WALLACE ELIZABETH WALTON

MARTHAWEATHERLY, JENNIE D. WORKE





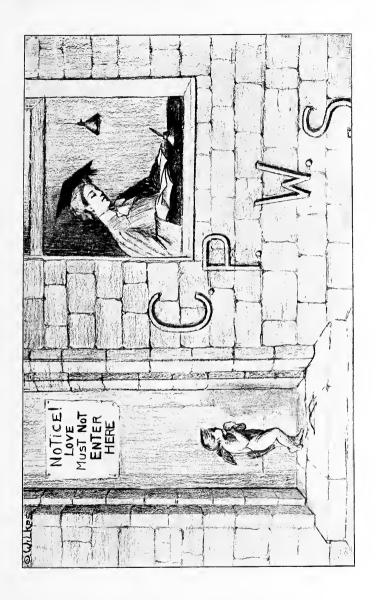


Freshman Rhymes

H is for Alphabet, by which you shall know
How a few of the things at Ward Seminary go. **B** is for Blantons. Long may they rule! We couldn't do without them a day at this school. is Miss Carter, who cures all our ills
By judiciously giving us L. W. Pills. **D** is Diplomas, a long way off yet; And the Seniors all tell us they're hard things to get. **C** is for Excellent, which helps you to pass. For further particulars, see Freshman Class. is for Freshman, class famous for "E's." Don't take our word for it; ask whom you please. ' is Miss Green, so dainty and sweet, Search the world over, she can not be beat. is Miss Hopkins, who is loved by us all. She is kind to the girls, both large and small. is Infirmary, a place good enough
When really you're ill, but no place to try bluff. j is Miss Jennings, stately and tall; A terror to truants, a friend to us all. K is Kate Slayman, faithful and true.
When you're in trouble, Kate knows what to do. is for Lessons, which we never shirk, But do our big best, whatever the work. is Miss McDonald. For the sake of old times, We'll give her a place in our Freshman Rhymes. is for Noise we can't help but make, But we'll try to keep quiet for our teacher's sake. is for Order, which Miss Jennings requires; But we fear 'tis not kept when from the room she retires. P is for Primary, when we were happy and gay. Not dreaming that school was other than play. is for Questions, which the Freshman will ask As she struggles with problems and difficult tasks. R is for Riley, our watchman, so strong, Who is always on hand when things go wrong. s is Miss Sheppe, who on accuracy dwells; Each day about accuracy she accurately tells. is for Thach and Thanksgiving and Test; But there's no question that Thach is the best. is for Us, the whole Freshman Class. Here's hoping that all of us will certainly pass. I is Vacation, the hest of the year; But parting from schoolmates brings many a tear. is Miss Wardlaw, who may change her name; But, whatever she does, we'll love her the same. is for Xmas, toward which every one looks; For then we can have some rest from our books. Y is for Year of Nineteen and Nine.

May we all he "sweet graduates" by that time. is for Zero, a mark of disgrace. May it never among Ward girls find a place.





College Preparatory

Motto

"Get wisdom, get understanding"

Flower Carnation Colors Crimson and White

Officers

 JULIA S. CHESTER
 President

 EDITH DENNY
 Vice President

 ROSALIE LITTERER
 Secretary and Treasurer

Members

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JULIA CHESTER

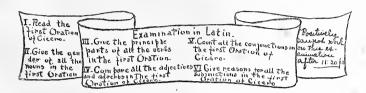
EDITH DENNY

LENA GODBEY

KATHARINE HAMMOND
ROSALIE LITTERER
KATE TILLETT









EXAMINATIONS! How long will you try our patience? How long will you make sport of our fears and ignorance? Will nothing move you—not even the fears of the girls and their terrified faces? You see that you have won the hatred and loathing of all the College Preparatories. You see the amount of care and worry you have given us, the

sleepless nights and anxious days. When will you cease harassing us?

When our chief high ruler, who shall be nameless, is gracious enough to allow us a week for enjoying your delightful company alone in place of having it combined with our laborious daily toil, then we shall hate you less. When our beloved Latin teacher has so taken her mind off her engrossing work as to permit you to pay your terrible visit at an earlier hour in the day instead of sleepy time, and allows us to spend less than seven hours with you, then we shall despise you less. When our dignified German teacher, who also honors a Geometry and Algebra Class with her instruction, finds, out of all her knowledge, enough pity for the College Preparatories to leave incommensurable arcs off your frightful pages, then we shall fear you less.

Now that we have shown you how much we hate, despise, and fear you, why don't you go? Why don't you leave Ward's, where you know your presence is most undesirable? Go! Take your evil companions, tests, and topics with you; drain Ward's of its dregs; and may the girls of 1920 never have the terrible experience that we poor College Preparatories have had to endure from you.



"Much Ado About Nothing"

OW give ear unto my words, all ye who assay to be wise and wist not how, and I will tell unto you the story of one who was like unto a Freshman, green as grass, and who became most learned.

It befell in days of yore that one named Jean was found in the mighty numbers of the house of Ward. And, lo, she was a college Preparatory; and being also a Junior, she was sorely vexed by a plague called Geometry. But verily, this fair damsel was more woefully vexed than any of her fellows, so that, especially when she made recitation, she oft grew faint at heart and tremulous in her knees. Though she labored mightily, yet it was of no avail; for every morn her teacher would have to say with her, and would argue thus: "Now, my friend, hearken unto my words and heed them, and it shall be to thy exceeding great advantage. Verily, your head hangs too long over your books. I pray you, put your mind right heavy on your work, and I am sure you will not fail."

Then tears fell into the eyes of Jean, and she had no breath to speak.

And, anon, as the damsel hastened down an highway, she espied afore her this same teacher who walked as one in a trance and within a while wandered into the gutter. And Jean did marvel greatly, and said to herself: "By my faith, methinks this is passing strange; but perchance her mind is hard upon some matter and she forgets what she doth."

Now a carriage stood in the gutter nigh at hand. And when the teacher approached thereunto, she paused not a moment, but from the pocket of her garment drew a portion of a piece of chalk, and wrote therewith strange figures on the back of the carriage, which was black and smooth. Now the spirit of him who held the horses was moved to proceed onward, and, with a blow of the whip, he moved the spirits of the horses that they should proceed onward likewise. And when the teacher perceived her blackboard to roll from before her, she was amazed, and wist not what to say, but stood with mouth agape, for verily she had thought herself at school. Then afore long, she turned and walked away. And Jean, too, turned and walked away; and as she walked, she rejoiced exceedingly. "It is great joy to me," said Jean, "that I have had no will to put my whole mind on a matter at a time; for, perchance this same adventure might have befallen me, and methinks it not a pleasant one. Therefore will I never more assay to fall into what seemeth so woeful a habit, and so likely to bring one to be a laughingstock."

So Jean did as she had said, and, truly, she was no more so sorely aggrieved because of her plague; for, by reason of much resting, her mind was kept ever shrewd.

And now, my readers, if ye, too, will rest often—indeed, if ye will refresh yourselves as oft as the clock striketh (and make endeavors for to get a clock which striketh also the half hours)—ye, too, may become wise.



ertificate Pupils

Diano

MATTIE BURWELL

KATE CHAMBERS

THULA FAULKNER

EMMA C. DAVIS ELISE MARSHALL

ANNIE RUTH PERKINS

BESSIE HERRING
ETHEL P'POOL

JESSIE SCOTT ANELLE WILLIAMS

Voice

ANNIE RUTH PERKINS

English

LULINE DARTIS

BESSIE MAI FORD

LUCILE LANDIS

MARIE LEWIS

CAROLYN ROSENBAUM

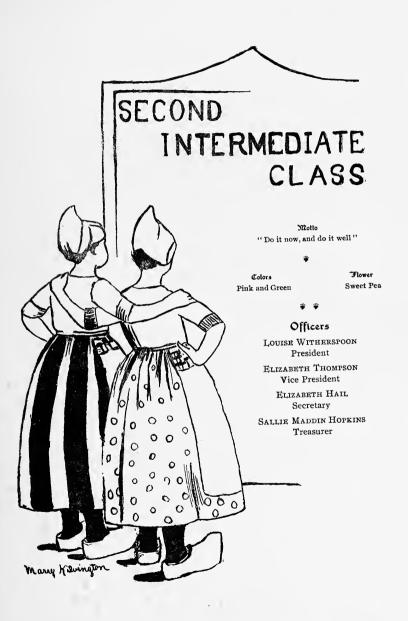
College Preparatory

JULIA CHESTER

KATHARINE HAMMOND







Second Intermediate Class

Members

SUSIE BEESLEY

MARGARET CORBETT

LUCY DENNY

LORIN DALTON

ELIZABETH HAIL

SALLIE MADDIN HOPKINS

MARIE HARWELL

ELAINE JONES

MARY KILVINGTON

LUCY WILKIN KIRKPATRICK

BEATRICE MOORE

LOUISE SOLINSKY

ELIZABETH SINCLAIRE

MARGARET TAMBLE

LUCY TILLMAN

ELIZABETH THOMPSON

EMMA BAXTER VAUGHN

Louise Witherspoon

ELLEN WALLACE



SECOND INTERMEDIATE CLASS





Motto
"Be courteous, be true"

Colors White and Blue

Flower Forget-me-not

Officers

ELIZABETH RANSOM President

> Frances Bond Vice President

Martha Frith Secretary

MARY WITHERSPOON Treasurer

First Intermediate Class

Members

FRANCES BOND

.

EVELYN DOUGLAS

EUNICE DUNBAR

Martha Frith

LINDA HARRIS

% %

MARIE LIPSCOMB

LILLIAN MARSH

JEAN MORGAN

BEATRICE MOORE

GLADYS NEAL

ELIZABETH RANSOM, AGNES REECE

ELIZABETH SINCLAIRE MARGARET TROUSDALE

MARY TOM WARNER 🖋 MARY WITHERSPOON



FIRST INTERMEDIATE CLASS





Motto

"Each morning sees some task begun, Each evening sees it close"

Colors

Yellow and White

Flower

Daisy

Officers

MARY LEE CROCKET, President
FRANCES STREET, Vice President
EMMA VAUGHNALLISON, Secretary
VIRGINIA PRICHARD, Treasurer

Members

MARY D. ALLISON EMMA V. ALLISON

MARY L. CROCKET KATE DUBOSE

FRANCES DORRIS MARTHA FRANKLIN

MARY HOLMES HENRIETTA LINDSLEY

LINDA LANDIS ELIZABETH OVERALL

MARY JOHN OVERALL - VIRGINIA PRICHARD

HESTER SINCLAIRE FRANCES STREET





Motto

"Each morning sees some task begun, Each evening sees it close"

Colors

Yellow and White

Flower

Daisy

Officers

MARY LEE CROCKET, President
FRANCES STREET, Vice President
EMMA VAUGHN ALLISON, Secretary
VIRGINIA PRICHARD, Treasurer

Members

MARY D. ALLISON EMMA V. ALLISON
MARY L. CROCKET KATE DUBOSE
FRANCES DORRIS MARTHA FRANKLIN
MARY HOLMES HENRIETTA LINDSLEY
LINDA LANDIS ELIZABETH OVERALL
MARY JOHN OVERALL VIRGINIA PRICHARD

HESTER SINCLAIRE FRANCES STREET



PRIMARY CLASS



..Literature..







When I Was a Girl at Ward

W. E. WARD, JR.

T was in the fall of 1873 that I first entered Ward Seminary, a candidate for the infant class. Although strictly an institution for girls, there was nothing to do but accept me, the first and only boy. For fourteen years I spent my time teasing the household of teachers, dodging the clutches of my black mammy, and paying a boy's tribute to the girls. Was ever a lad born under such lucky stars?

During my last year, at the age of fourteen, I found my heart sadly involved and bordering on a collapse as commencement drew near; so it was decided that the next year I should be sent away to school. That decision broke my heart completely. Not even the separation from my Nanny goat, who had figured conspicuously in the earlier years of "Ward," upsetting frequently the dignity of the entire institution—no, not even that parting caused me such howls of despair as the year I was sent away from the girls at Ward. No more "blind man's buff" when the moon silvered the long back porches; no more "fox in the morning" between early supper and study hour; no more wild and joyous careering over and under the galleries after flying skirts and long brown braids. It would not do, for I was growing tall and they were growing taller, for they were all older than—I mean they were then, though they are not now, not one of them; so I gave myself up to abandoned grief.

In those days the school occupied what we now know as the big main building and one other. The massive front doors and long hall with its sweeping stairway, flanked on either side by the offices and double drawing room; the long galleries in

the rear; and the chapel, where prayer and poem, essay and parting benediction, were said—that constituted the Ward Seminary of that day. Year after year the other buildings were added.

The large yard on the side was used as a playground, and there was a back gate through which many of "us girls" fled as far as we dared, only to be brought back by Chapel Kate or my Mammy Ann.

Many of the old girls will remember the April Fool's Day when the schoolgirls, dressed in their "Sunday best," took a holiday on their own account. April sun was enticing, books were drudgery; so early morning found them off and gone, nobody knew where. It was April Fool's Day in the country. We remember, too, how we came back, not unlike that immortal six hundred, drenched with the April rain, however, instead of shot and shell, sadder and wiser and wetter girls.

Pass to another page of history, and we find the record of another merrier escapade, when we locked ourselves in the exercise hall, waxed the floors with candles, and danced straight through recitation hours. When trouble came, there was no man to stand up and bear the consequences but me; and I merely mention the fact, briefly and painfully, that I received in due time and in full measure all that was coming to the balance of the truant girls.

Mrs. Mary Robertson was then chapel principal, Miss Watson was a strong aide-de-camp, while Miss Panthea McClain and Miss Mary Miller brought up the right and left wings. There were other names we remember with fear and affection. There, too, was Chapel Kate, who held sway with her duster, which blossomed sometimes into an Aaron's rod, chasing me out of the chapel. And Kate still holds sway, after all these years, welcoming and blessing the generations who enter and depart.

Nor can we forget Mammy Ann, who answered the bell after I had outgrown her care. Who does not remember her old-fashioned taffy candy and our winter apples? For mammy and I ran a small fruit store in the old mahogany bookcase in the back hall. I was the silent partner and bought the goods, and she sold them. We divided the profits, mammy and I. Mine went for nonsense; hers, toward the purchase of a little home, where she lived up to her death in 1905.

Where are the Ward girls of those early days? Scattered to the remotest corners of the world. Some are mistresses of the wealthiest homes; some are poor in purse, but brave in heart and strong of purpose; some are here, and many are gone.

The Seminary to-day is educating the daughters and grauddaughters of those old loved girls. History repeats itself, and I drink a toast to them and that far, fair land of memory, and to you, their children, for the sake of auld lang syne.

Wild Animals and Birds I Flave Known

(With apologies to Ernest Thompson Seton)

The Camel—MISS JENNINGS.

An animal so efficient and with such powers of endurance that it has been called "The Ship of the Desert."

Great Polar Bear-Miss Chapman.

Lives in the North Frigid Zone. Cannot bear to be disturbed; so forbear.

— — — — Dr. Blanton.

An interesting animal of unknown species, but of decidedly restless migratory habits.

The Ferret-Mrs. Blanton.

A most intelligent little animal, sees everything, is not easily fooled, and some naturalists say that this species has eyes in the back of its head.

The Giraffe—MISS CALDWELL. How is that for high?

Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit—Miss HOPKINS AND Miss McDonald. For characteristics, inquire of Uncle Remus.

Musical Bat—Miss Cosgrove. New species, just found.

Humming Bird-Miss McIlwaine.

Very dainty and attractive, but very uncertain. You never know just when or where to find it.

French Magpie—Ma'm'sELLE JACCARD.
Talkative and full of tricks.

The Beaver-Miss Thach.

Lives largely upon roots, and is common to Latin countries.

Mississippi Swamp Deer—Miss Wardlaw. Very slender, wiry, and fleet-footed.

Turtle Doves—Miss Green and Miss Scruggs.

Always exactly the same size.

Baltimore Oriole—Miss Hunt.

Has a sweet voice, and can build a wonderful nest.

Rocky Mountain Burro—MISS SHEPPE.

Compact, substantial, moving with mathematical precision.

Red-headed Woodpecker—MISS THOMAS.

When at work, taps thirty-five times, then listens to see what is doing.

Quail—Miss Handley.

Leads a strenuous life, because she has more mouths to feed than any other member of the bird family.

Morning

HE birds are singing at dawn of day,

A knight rides by on his charger gray.

He sees a maid like the light of morn,

And blows her a kiss from his hunting horn.

She plucks a rose of scarlet hue,

Whose velvet petals are shining with dew.

Her blushes mock the rose so fair;

The stars her eyes, the sun her hair.

He caught the rose and a lily hand, too;

Red petals fell to the grass, a few,

While a silvery peal through the woodland dell

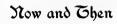
Caused the love in his heart to swell;

But the maid, like a vision, had floated away

And left black darkness to hold her dim sway.

Evening

The evening's dim shadows are crossing the sky, The sad earth is dreaming while soft breezes sigh, The tail grasses wave while baby hirds peep, And the little white daisy has gone fast asleep; The soft petals flutter, the brown eye is closed, And the little white daisy has sweet, calm repose.



The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the Ward girl do then?

She'll moan and she'll sigh While the skaters go by, And hide her head under her wing— Poor thing!

When June roses bloom And there's sunshine at home, What will the Ward girl do then? Poor thing!

She'll list to the bees, To the youth on his knees, And hide her head under his wing— Sweet thing!

> G'in a body meet a body Comin' frae Ward's school, G'in a body kiss a body Need it break a rule?

Ilka laddie ba' his lassie, Nane they say hae I; Yet all the girls, they smile at me Whenever I pass by.

Blue Monday

O you recall the cheerful days you have spent in the Infirmary—that refuge of the unlearned? Do you remember the resolution you made on Sunday night? That Bible test would be dreadful—you never could remember where Paul went after leaving Boston; and so was the History lesson, and the twenty pages of Rhetoric, and the French

exercise. But you would brave it out and get through some way. But O! when Monday morning dawned, where were your good resolutions? The horrors of that Bible test! And you never did know anything about Pericles or the Peloponnesian War, or about the style and diction of Silas Marner or the essentials of a good plot. The terrors of the French exercise grew, too, in proportion to the rest. Your resolutions and all the moral courage you possessed collapsed in a flat little heap. The Infirmary for you!

You slipped on your long kimono, and incidentally an expression of severest pain, and crept up to that haven of refuge. You knew the way, for was it not an oft-traveled route? At the first door you knocked timidly—once, twice; then you heard a mighty silken rustling and the sound of the bolt being withdrawn at the other door. It was opened a bare six inches, Miss Carter's face appeared at the opening, and she demanded: "Who is it?" Then, with one hand clasped to your head, you answered in piteous accents: "It's me, Miss Carter; I have such a headache I don't think I can go to school." "Well, come in." You slipped through the narrow opening, and the door was hastily bolted after you, for none but the deserving are allowed admittance. Then you were hustled into one of the four little white beds.

As sure as Miss Chapman calls on you every time you don't know your lines—so sure are all the beds to be occupied on a Monday morning. So you had three suffering neighbors, and you seized the first chance you got and winked meaningly at them, for their illness was probably about as serious as yours and on the same order. Then you smiled in sympathy and talked over your common grievances. All at once the ridiculous side of it appeared to you all, and you giggled in unison. But O! how you regretted that giggle a moment later! For you heard Miss Carter's steps approaching the door. In what haste did you assume that look of infinite pain! "I don't believe you girls are very sick—you laugh and talk so," said the mighty ruler of those domains. Then again you recited your various pains and troubles; but that proved worse than ever, for immediately came the dreaded verdict: "You'd better have some medicine."

And vari-colored pills were generously dealt out. To your share came a tiny, round, white tablet. With many a grimace, you swallowed it; or perhaps, if you were in a particularly daring mood, you ruthlessly seized the offender between thumb and forefinger and shot it across the room. Most times it landed in a dark corner or

behind a convenient table leg; but—horror of horrors—sometimes it fell short of the mark, and lay in the very middle of the floor, to your eyes the most conspicuous object in the room. A few minutes later Miss Carter bustled in, and most assuredly the first thing she noticed was the headache tablet on the floor. "Look there! I dropped a headache tablet when I was giving them to the girls," she said as she picked it up. Saved! you thanked your lucky stars, and lay there like innocence personified, with your hands folded and your eyes closed—fast asleep.

Later you fell asleep in reality; but such bliss was not to last. A few hours later you were awakened by a loud voice: "Ladies, it's time for lunch. What do you want to drink?" From a long and excellent menu you overlooked the oysters, olives, turkey, and fancy French dishes, and you chose steak, rice, and milk, or perhaps "chicken broth," toast, and tea.

After your sumptuous repast there was still two hours to wait until mail call, which was always the event of the day for you. The two hours seemed an eternity. You spent them in first dozing for a few minutes, and then lying with your eyes fixed on the ceiling and wondering whether father would send the check you asked for. You could not laugh or chat with your neighbors, for that would cause the immediate appearance of Miss Carter, which was the last thing you desired. For was it not bad enough to be there at all, without finding yourself under the stern vigilance of those gray eyes? At length you heard the long-despaired-of sound of the last bell. Mail call! Then you heard the girls' voices and laughter as they came up from school. Your mail was brought up, and you eagerly pounced upon it and read the contents.

School, with all its tests and lessons, was over for that Monday, and how badly you wanted to get to your room—you were simply dying for some of that candy Billy sent yesterday. But heavens! you couldn't take your departure yet; it would never do to recover so miraculously as soon as school was over. But about four o'clock you announced in a voice schooled to a slightly less piteous tone than in the morning: "My headache is a little better. I think I'll go to my room and dress for dinner." The door was opeued a bare six inches; you slipped out, and heard the bolt hastily drawn after you. Then, with the expression of pain entirely vanished from your face, you walked slowly back to join the others for another week of study, toil—and fun.

Pastimes

Dof

"The Ward Girls"

10

O you remember when in days long past
We studied History in our old class,
And teacher was in bed with aching head,
We told her "sub" all manner of strange tales—
How, long ago, Columbus did such things
As none but Luther e'er has done at all?
You think the "sub" e'er thought of what mistakes
And guesses we did make? Not she! All smiles,
To us she said: "Enough! Well said, my dear."
Were we to blame for having fun with her?

I.



OW, mind you, when the girls in school do starve
Two hours together, as our fortune was,
They watch for teacher's head aside to turn,
So that the half-bit fudge one poor girl has
Will not be seen when held in such way that
The girl near by may see—and seeing, hope;
Or, reading Lowell, one girl tries so hard
To take a bite without its being known.
They learn some things not learned in books, though not
So much of English or of Greek as could
Be learned if books were not held upside down.

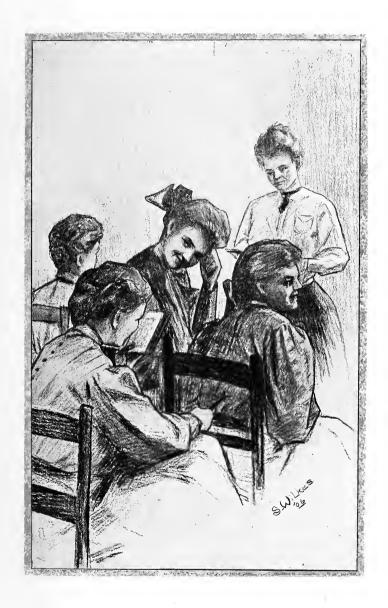


N later years we learned better games.

If in our class we knew we could not pass
A decent recitation hour, nor give
The right result in Algebra if asked,
We sought the picnic grounds across the bridge,
III. Away from teacher, class, and all disgrace.
How often did we this, you ask of me?
O, rarely; for e'en ducks do fear sometimes
To risk their necks and grades by doing thus—
Except in case of direst need and fear.



N Latin class, if nothing in our brains
We feel, and know no words of ancient days
Nor how the stuff to paraphrase, we thrust
A pencil in the back of some poor girl
Before us seated hard at work. Her book
IV. She drops and faces us, with smile and shrug,
And tries to catch our eyes; but we with thought
Upon our Latin now seem bent and shake
With laughter, and we giggle in the class,
While teacher looks severely on in wrath.



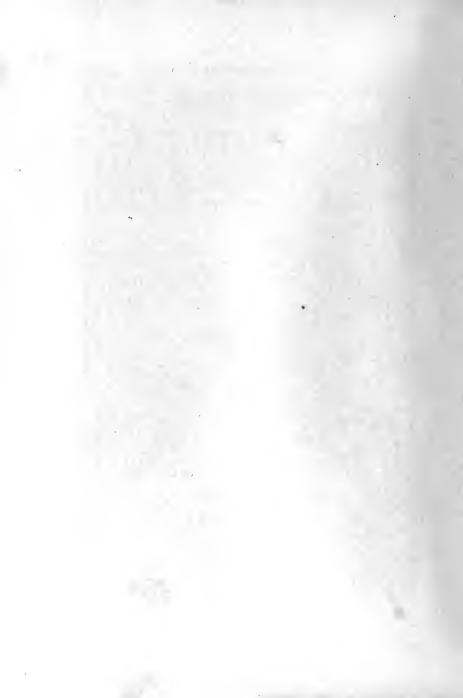
W.

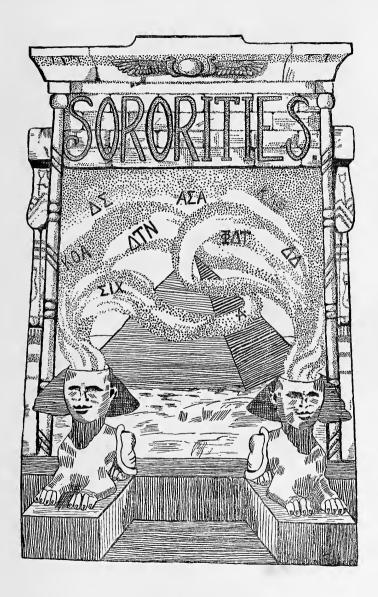
E Seniors, dignified and honored, too,
Do often have the fun of olden days,
Though studies hard keep down the fun sometimes.
We cannot work alway. At night, as much
As teachers watch, we have our fun,

V. And gather in one room, bold spirits we, To make good things to eat and to devour Our hidden store of peanuts, cakes, and fruit. No cares oppress us now, but with delight We forward look to future bright alway.

'o6**.**

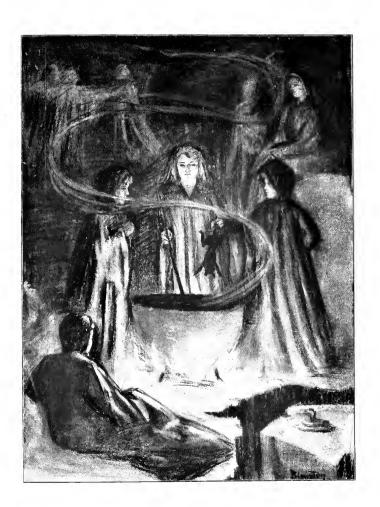














Alpha Chapter of Delta Sigma Sorority

(Founded in 1894, Nashville, Tenn.)

Colors

Light Blue and Purple

Flower Violet

Vell

Delta Sigma, Delta Sigma! Mazette, Mazette! Dixie, Dixie, Dixie, Dixie! Dum Vivimus, Vivamus!

Officers

Roll of 1905-06

MILDRED MCRAE

Grand High Mogul
. Vice Regent

LOUISE WATKINS

ELISE MARSHALL

Chartuliaria

RUBYE DUNCAN .

Ouæstor

ALICE BULLOCK

ELISE MARSHALL

BEULAH CHUMBLY

MILDRED MCRAE

MARGARET DAVENPORT

GEORGA REILLY

Rubye Duncan

Betha Turner

LEONA HENDERSON

LOUISE WATKINS

Sorores in Urbe

MISS MARTHA LANIER SCRUGGS

MRS. JOHNSON BRANSFORD

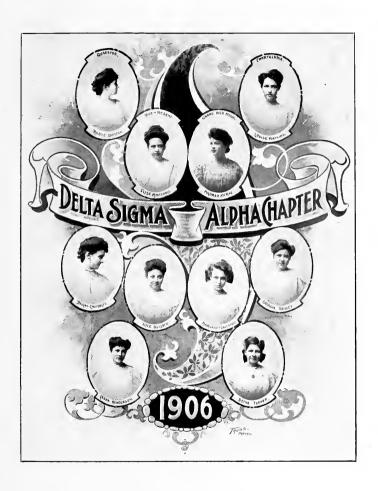
MRS. W. F. ALLEN

MRS. J. E. GARNER

MRS, RICHARD DAKE

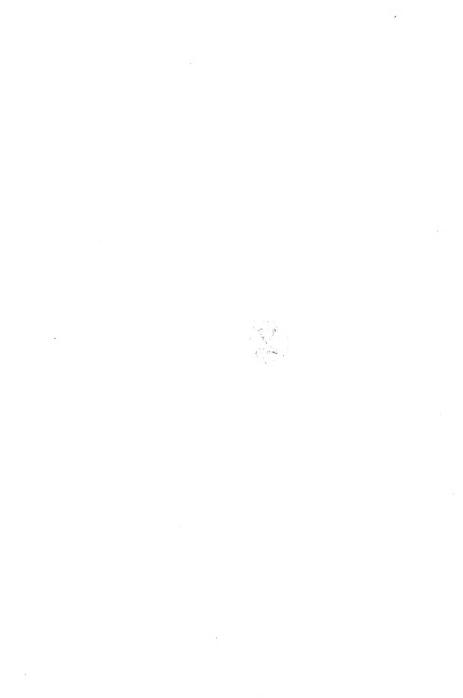
BETA CHAPTER (ALUMNI), OGONTZ-OGONTZ, PA.



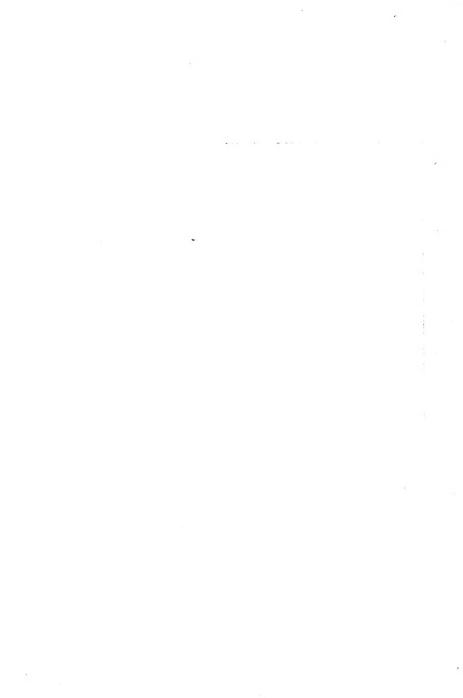












Delta Delta Fraternity

Alpha Chapter Randolph - Macon Woman's College Lynchburg, Va.



Beta Chapter Founded in 1903 Ward Seminary Nashville, Genn.

HELEN MOORE

Fratres in Urbe

MARGARETTE WADE
ETHEL CHAPPELL

Roll of 1906

PREWITT ALEXANDER

EDITH SANKEY

LINA CROWDER

LOUISE LINDSAY

ANDREWENA ALEXANDER

MARY DENT KING

LAURA HICKERSON

FLORENCE PETERSON















Beta Chapter of Kappa Delta Phi Sorority

Nashville, Tennessee

Flower American Beauty Colors Red and White

Officers

		MARY	sc.	TTO					-	I	resid	lent	t			
	THUI	A FA	ULK	NER							Vice	Pre	esi	den	t	
`:	EUNICE D	BARI) .											Se	creta	ry
MYRA	HOOPER														Т	reasure

Roll of 1905-06

THULA FAULKNER

EUNICE DEBARD, THEO. FOWLKES

BERTHA FOWLER

Myra Hooper

Mary Scott

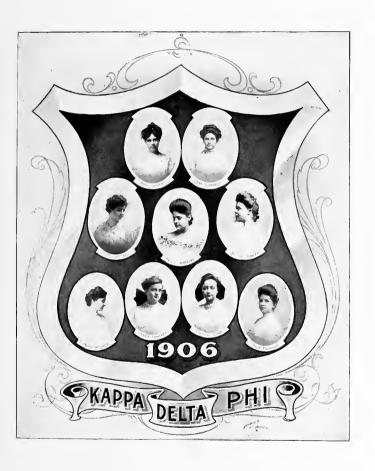
REBECCA LUCAS

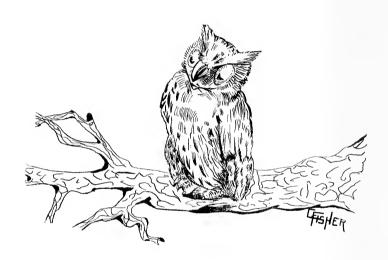
HALLIE HOPKINS

LEAH CAMPBELL

ALPHA CHAPTER AT NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY
FOREST GLEN, MARYLAND











The Argonauts

(Founded February 23, 1903)

Motto "Honor binds us"

Colors Purple and Gold

Sorores in Mrbe

. . AGNES AMIS . . .

SARAH BERRY ELIZABETH BUFORD

Anna Russell Cole

ELIZABETH DALLAS

MARY DIBRELL Mrs. George A. Frazer MARGARET FALL

NELL FALL

MARY FRAZER

MARTHA LIPSCOMB

ELIZABETH MURRAY

WILLOUISE SCRUGGS

MARY TILLMAN

VALERY TRUDEAU

MARY L. WARNER JESSIE SMITH MARGARET YARBROUGH

Class of 1906

KATHARINE HAMMOND

CARRIE DUNCAN HART

AMELIA MCLESTER

MARY GOFF PALMER

Class of 1907

MARY DEMOVILLE HILL

Anna Blanton

JULIA CHESTER

MARY BROWN EVE

CHRISTINE GLENN

FRANCES MCLESTER

ANNIE GAYLE NORVELL

HENRIETTE RICHARDSON

ADELE RAYMOND

Class of 1908

MARY LINDA MANIER

MARTHA TILLMAN

ANNIE BIRD WARD

Honorary Member

MRS. JAMES B. WHAREY











ERE'S to our Sorority,

The finest in all the land;

Here's to the days on which we meet;

Here's to its feasts so grand;

Here's to its black-eyed Susan;

Here's to its black and Gold;

Here's to its loyal members ten,

Which are gathered within its fold;

Here's to its friendship, faithful and true—

Long may it live and prosper;

Here's to our dear old R. O. A. H. KOH

Here's to Kappa Omicron Alpha.

Kappa Omicron Alpha Sorority

(Established in 1904)

Officers

DEBORAH VIRGINIA ROSE									Presiden
MARION LARUE COOTER .								Vice	President
FAY SHELLEY									Secretary
JEANNETTE EVA PETTER .									Treasure

Jttembers	
Deborah Virginia Rose I	Kentucky
MARION LARUE COOTER	Oklahoma
Jeannette Eva Petter	Kentucky
FAY SHELLEY	. Tennessee
ETHEL SHELLEY	. Tennessee
Arethusa McAlister	Mississippi
Annie Ruth Perkins	Mississippi
MARY LEAH OURSLEY	Tennessee
Grace Louise Nelson	Alabama
Susie Henderson Winstead	Tennessee









Phi Delta Tau Sorority

•	Color.	5
Black	and	Gold

Flower Rose

Officers

RUTH COLEMAN		٠								Pre	sider	ıt		
FLORENCE	KEENI	¥								V	ice P	resi	dent	
VIOLA	GATTI	₿R											Secreta	ıry
C	ORNEI	ĮΑ	W	ALI	AC	E								Creasure

Roll of 1906

REBECCA BAIRD

RUTH COLEMAN

LILLIAN COLLIER

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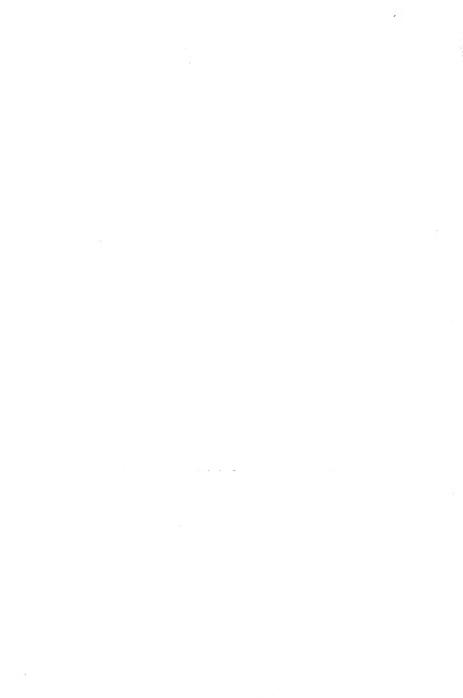
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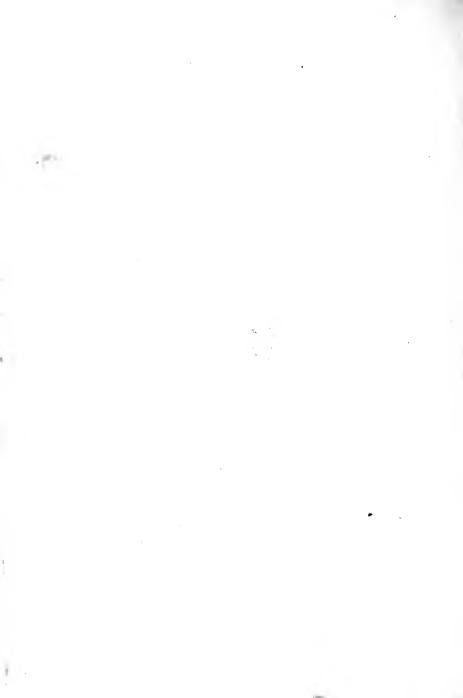
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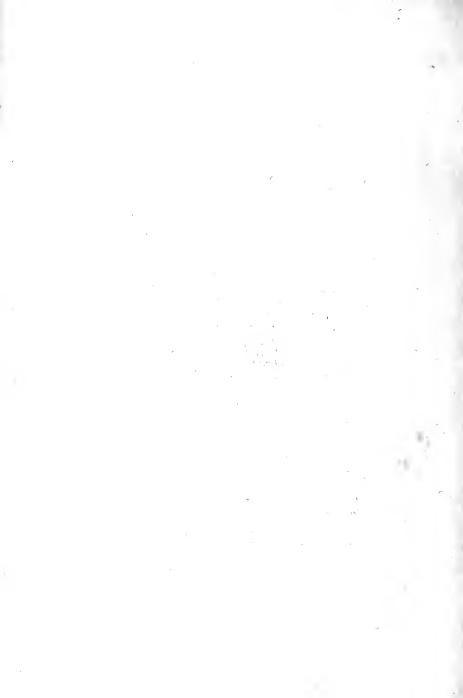
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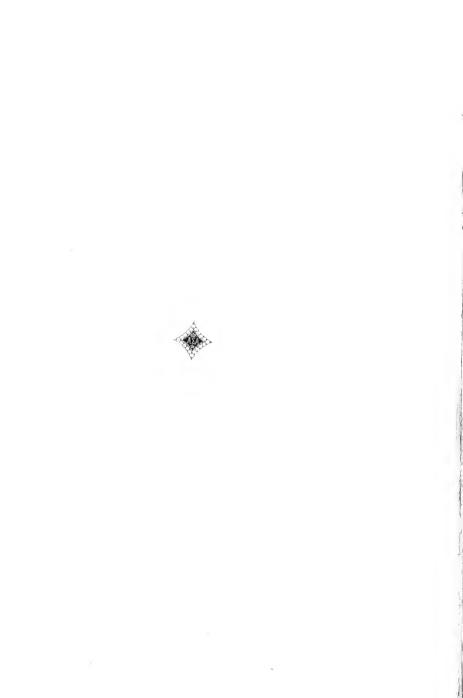
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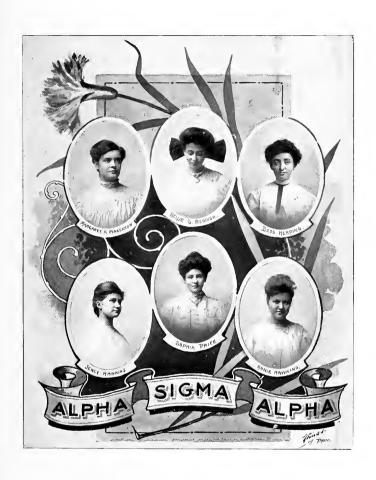
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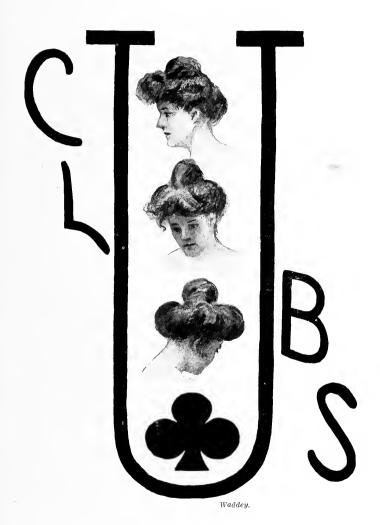
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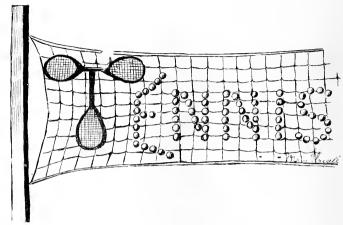
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Motto

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Motto
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Yell Roc-a toc-toc! Sis-a-boom! Bah! Alabama, Alabama! Rah, rah, rah!

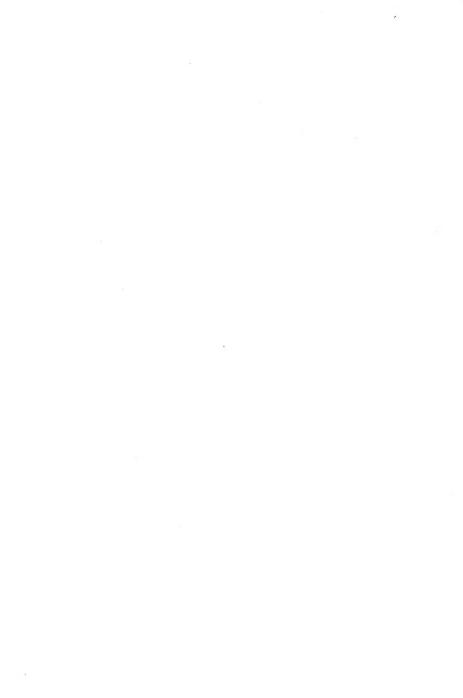
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Colors

Gold and White

United States Club



United States Club

Motto "E pluribus uuum"

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Latin Grammar

- RULE I Transitive compounds of "trans" take two accusatives—one defendent upon the lesson; the other, upon the pupil.
- Rule II. Verbs meaning failed take the blues and go home, as a clause of result,
- RULE III. Verbs meaning to rejoice take the accusative with distinction.
- RULE IV. Ablative when used with Latin takes the accompaniment of brains.
- Rule V. Compounds of "ab," "de," "ex," etc., take dative of separation when referring to Latin in general.
- RULE VI. Lessons on Monday take the ablative with attendant circumstances.
- Rule VII. Ablative of degree of difference denotes the difference between thinking and knowing.
- RULE VIII. Latin when used as an elective takes your breath.

The Test Day

(With due apologies to Longfellow)

HE day is cold and dark and dreary,
My head is aching, my mind is weary;
For this morning I did my best
To stand an unexpected test-And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary,
And I am—O!—so very weary.
All of our tests are always bad,
But that is the worst we've ever had—
And the day is dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun, still shining
Soon graduation will end it all.
Into each life some tests must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Mnickknacks

Of all sad words of pen or tongue, The saddest are these: "Rising bell's rung."

After a tour around the globe, Miss Caldwell still insists that the finest flower in civilization is the "American Man."

> To Ward, with your pleasures. Your tasks, and your joys: You lack one attraction. And that one is-boys.

MISS CHAPMAN-Miss McLester, give me the dates of Spencer's birth and death

MISS MCLESTER-He was born in 1066 and died in 1616.

Wanted-Some one to see the point to my announcements.

DR. BLANTON.

Lost-A smile. Return to Miss Hunt.

There has recently been an organization established known as the "Red Cross Society." All French pupils wishing to join may do so by neglecting their "explanations,"

MISS GREEN (in Psychology)-Miss Tinsley, which would enjoy a trip abroad more, you or "Riley?"

MISS TINSLEY-Why, Riley, of course; because he's more educated !

MISS GREEN-Why, Miss Tinsley!

MISS TINSLEY-James Whitcombe Riley?

Miss Tinsley is still in doubt why the class laughed.

Why did all the teachers review their Literature just before the Literature Chair was filled?

Extracts from Mrs. Blanton's File

(As we would like it)

May we go to the skating rink to-morrow? We would like to go alone.

BESSIE GREEN. BELLE JENNINGS. LIZZIE CALDWELL. SALLIE MCILWAINE. MATTIE SCRUGGS.

Two Vanderbilt boys wish to call Friday evening. May we see them?

SUSIE COSGROVE. LAURA SHEPPE.

My physician has ordered me to diet, so may I order the following?

13 cans of potted ham

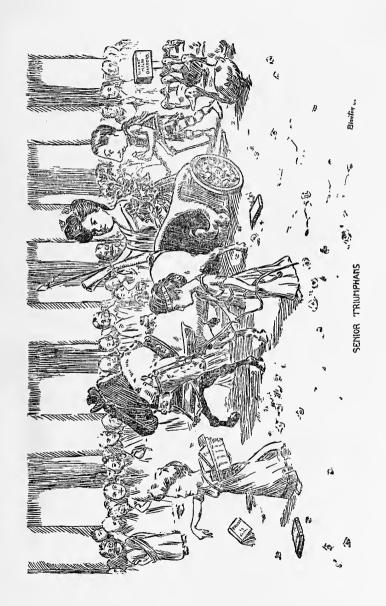
21 boxes of sardines

3 dozen bananas

11 bottles of sour pickle

5 bags of salted peanuts 6 boxes of crackers MATTIE HOPKINS.







HIS volume has uttered its message,
And hist'ry its merit will fix,
As whether it filled out its presage—
Our Annual, our "Iris," 'o6.

We send it to join with its fellows,

That duly have spoken each year

Of school life at Ward, that time mellows

And fills us with retrospect dear.

Accept it and treat it, we pray you,

As SOUVENIR of friends by friends;
Its mission to please, not array you;

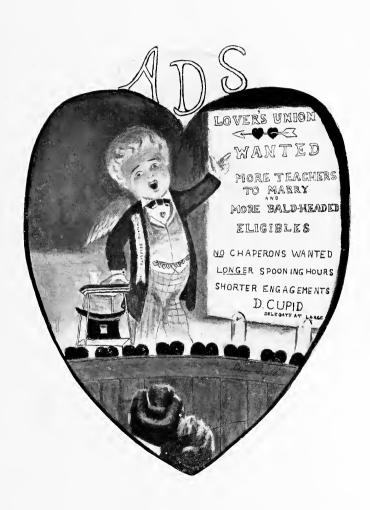
A contest of mirth till it ends.

A wish, as a toast, in conclusion:

That Virtue your handmaid shall be;
Your enemies e'er in confusion;
Your lives in serenity.







The Woman's College of Baltimore

JOHN FRANKLIN GOUCHER, President



Session of 1906-1907 will begin September 17th

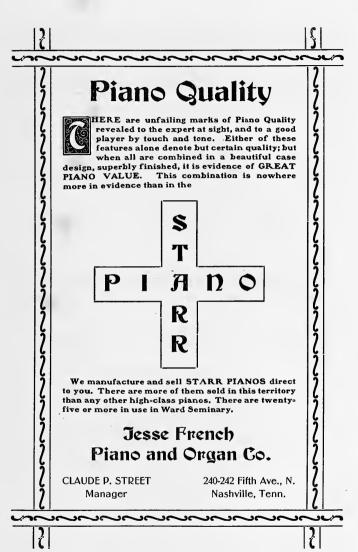
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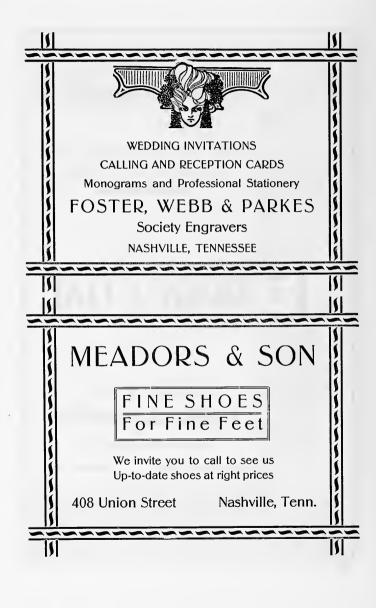
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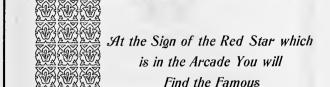
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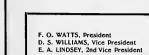
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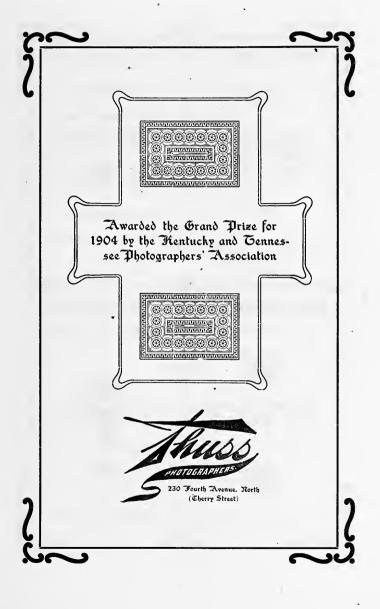


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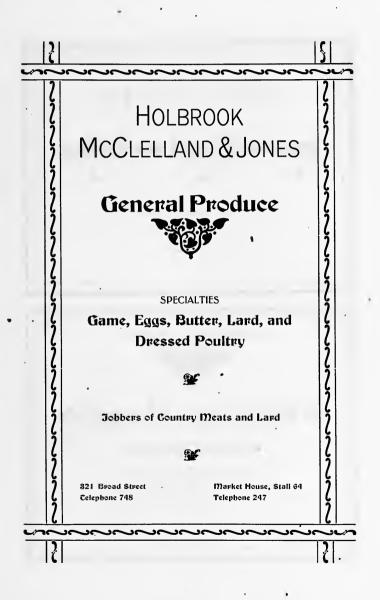


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